

## THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Spider's Web.

BY JENNIE S. VALLEY.

One afternoon—'twas very warm—  
Through the leaves the sunbeams came,  
The children played upon the lawn  
Beneath the maple trees.

Fanny was busy at her book  
Within an old arm-chair,  
And grandma trained a tender vi'  
That needed all her care.

Grandpa was writing at his desk  
Just where he liked to stand,  
When mother raised her eyes and smiled,  
Her sewing in her hand.

"I wonder, dear," she said, "if you  
With me would like to go,  
To pick the raspberries I saw  
And promise I would show?"

"Ah, yes! I see it in your eyes!  
Your basket you may get;  
But do not tire your little feet,  
I am not ready yet."

Then Fanny asked could baby go?  
"I would please the little thing!"  
And off she ran to tell his nurse  
His warmer coat to bring.

Then Biddy wheeled his carriage round  
And laid the purple shawl.



The spider to support his back  
And off they started all.

Willie, with basket on his arm,  
The gate swung open wide;  
And Fanny held her father's hand  
And chased by his side.

First Willie thought he'd be the horse  
And pull the coach along;  
And then he thought the spider the best  
Because he was so strong.

Too little soon was fastened on,  
The spider tied to the whip;  
And tight down hill the reins were held,  
For fear the horse would trip.

But soon the horse came to a stand  
Near to the roadside wall;  
The children saw a spider's web,  
And round they gathered all.

They saw the spider in his hole,  
The snare which he had laid  
To catch the wasps, and gnats, and flies  
On which his meals were made.

Then father told them of the sack  
From which he spun his thread,  
The glue with which he fastens tight  
The strands which he has made.

The children stood to watch awhile—  
A grasshopper just then  
Who tried to reach the spider above  
Fell near the spider's den.

His feet were caught within the web,  
And he cried, "Go on!"  
The spider, winding round him threads,  
Secured him as he lay.

And when he found his struggles cease  
He dragged him to his den,  
And having eaten all he wished  
He cast him forth again.

Then mother thought that Fanny could  
Repeat, if she would try,  
Sweet Mary Howitt's story of  
The Spider and the Fly.

The second verse made Fanny pause,  
But Willie cried, "Go on!"  
And watching close his sister's lips,  
Scarcely stirred till she had done.

COATESVILLE, IND.

Daisy Temple's Mission.

BY HELEN A. STEINHILBER.



T was a perfect  
day, albeit in early  
November. Sev-  
eral days before  
snow had fallen;  
in fact, there had  
been a regular  
blizzard; but all  
that was in the  
past now, and  
would have been forgotten in the warm  
sunshine and intense blue of the sky,  
so unusual at this season of the year,  
but for the mud and slush, and horri-  
ble state of the roads.

In the middle of the day the sun was  
so hot that windows were thrown open  
as in the summer-time, and out of one  
of these floated down to the street a  
song—words, those of a familiar hymn:

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the summer  
Of the day's last beam is down—  
Till the night of death has  
From the heart once full of day;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

"Stars and garters!" exclaimed a  
passer-by, to himself, in an undertone,  
"who ever knew such a combination as  
that voice, that hymn, and that face!"  
Quick ears caught the words, for  
instantly the song ceased, and the  
singer moved from her seat near the  
window to the far end of the room.

But the exclamation was not to be  
wondered at, as the words sung with  
such thrilling pathos and exquisite  
skill fell, not from the quivering lips  
of an alms-house pauper this time, but  
from the rose-bud mouth of a young  
girl with a face of Madonna-like sweet-  
ness, set in a frame of golden curls,  
and lighted by wondrously beautiful  
eyes, as blue as the sky at which they  
gazed with such impassioned yearning.  
How could the girl so enter into the  
spirit of her song were it not the cry  
of her own weary soul? And yet how  
could one so young and fair possibly  
be sated with life and "only waiting"  
for release?

As she rose from her seat you would  
have noted, however, not merely her  
exceedingly diminutive stature, but  
also that it was occasioned by a de-  
formity only partially concealed from  
observation by the heavy mass of rip-  
pling hair which hung down below her  
waist. And this gave a clue to the  
pensive expression on the round, almost  
childish face, which should by rights  
be dimpled with girlish glee in-  
stead of being grave and sad beyond  
its years.

Her attention now became attracted  
by the driving of a coal team into the  
back yard and the voice of a gentleman  
who stepped out from the store over  
which she lived, exclaiming:

"By Jove! what a horse! Man alive,  
what on earth do you mean by using  
such an animal as this to draw coal?"

Stepping out on a little balcony that  
overlooked the yard, Daisy quietly  
watched the scene beneath her.

The horse was a beauty. Evidently

fine-grained and well-bred; his small  
head wide and full between the eyes,  
his ears were clear and bright, with thin  
lids; ears short and pointed, and set  
close together; deep, full chest; large,  
flat hams, exquisitely tapering, with  
slender limbs and daintily small hoofs  
—not at all a draught horse, but made  
for speed.

The gentleman from the store exam-  
ined him critically, point by point,  
with a running comment of admiration.  
Suddenly, as he went round to the  
other side of the creature, he came to an  
abrupt pause, and exclaimed:

"Hey, what's this?"

"Railroad accident," replied the  
driver, laconically.

"That's why he is drawing coal to-  
day?"

The man nodded.

"Burning shame he should have to  
be used like this!" said the gentleman.

"O, we're pretty good to him," an-  
swered the driver. "We never put him  
to very heavy loads."

"I should think this was heavy  
enough, in all conscience."

"Tian! a circumstance to some!"  
said the man, with a short laugh. Then,  
after a pause, added: "He got off easy  
to what might have been. The horses  
along side of him were actually boiled  
alive by the steam from the engine."

Everything grew black before  
Daisy's eyes, and she had to hold to  
the railing to keep from falling. Head  
and heart were both in a tumult. Was  
it not through a railroad accident that  
her poor spine became so cruelly  
twisted, her young life blighted, and  
she, in one short hour robbed of father,  
mother, sister and brother? Making  
her way into the house, she sank into  
the nearest chair, her breath coming  
fast and short.

By and by she heard the man back-  
ing out of the little yard. Something  
seemed the matter; why didn't he go  
on? What a time he was having, and  
how loud and cross his tones were get-  
ting! That poor horse—she must see  
that he was not abused. So she  
jumped and ran down stairs. There in  
the narrow passageway that angled  
out from the yard into the street, was  
the long coal-wagon, one wheel of it  
buried hub-deep in the soft, yielding  
earth, while its mate on the other side  
was fast wedged into a fence against a  
post of which it stuck, making a dead-  
lock, for there was neither room to  
drive forward, nor to turn, nor reverse;  
and after faithfully backing till he  
found he could do so no longer, the  
poor horse stood still, quivering in  
every limb. The driver, meantime,  
had lost, first his patience and then his  
temper, and was using one after an-  
other the harsh expedients ordinarily  
resorted to in order to make balky  
horses go.

Daisy came up timidly, not afraid of  
the horse, for she had been a skilled  
equestrienne in her happy past, but of  
the angry driver, and ventured to ask:

"Can't I help?"

"No," replied the man, gruffly, look-  
ing scornfully down at the very small  
object before him. Then, seeing that  
she still lingered, added roughly: "I  
wish you would get out of the way."

Then to the horse: "Let me get you  
out of this yard, and if I don't give  
you such a warning as you never will  
forget."

This was more than Daisy could  
stand. She looked at the intelligent  
eyes of the frightened beast; there was  
neither sullenness nor obstinacy there,  
but an expression of almost human  
agony. With quick resolve she sprang  
to his head, and said to the man:

"Don't you see that your wheel is  
caught, and the horse can't back? Get  
out and lift the tail-end of your wagon,  
and I'll back him."

The man stared a second in mute as-  
tonishment at the sudden transforma-  
tion in the bearing of the tiny, elf-like  
creature, and then silently did as he  
was bid.

"Back, old fellow, back!" clearly and  
cheerily rang out the girlish voice, as  
the man, exerting all his strength, lifted  
up the hind wheels of the ponderous  
wagon, while she pressed firmly but  
gently against the bit, and back went  
the horse without a second's hesitation,  
as soon as he found that he could.

A great throb of joy filled the young  
girl's heart, and she said, quietly:

"That was better than beating him."

The man now looked shamefaced,  
but was gentleman enough to say,  
heartily:

"I thank you, miss; I thank you," as  
he drove away.

It was a very little thing to do, but  
it made Daisy happy all the rest of the  
day, and at night she had to own that  
it was by far the pleasantest day she  
had had since her hurt. So she said to  
herself:

"Daisy Templeton, there's something  
to live for yet; the juices of life are not  
all quite dry. Try and help somebody  
or something every day you live, in-  
stead of repining at your lot. God  
doesn't mean you to be 'only waiting';  
He means you to be also doing all the  
small things that lie in your power,  
and then maybe some day you will  
hear Him say, 'She hath done what  
she could.'"

And this is how Daisy Templeton  
found her mission.

**Race Between Pigeons and Bees.**

A pigeon fancier of Hamme, Prussia,  
made a bet that a dozen bees liberated  
three miles from their hive would  
reach it in better time than a dozen  
pigeons would reach their cote from the  
same distance. The competitors  
were given wing at Rhyndern, a village  
nearly a league from Hamme, and the  
first bee finished a quarter of a minute  
in advance of the first pigeon, three  
other bees reached the goal before the  
second pigeon, the main body of both  
detachments finished almost simultane-  
ously an instant or two later. The  
bees, too, had been handicapped in the  
race, having been rolled in flour before  
starting for purpose of identification.

The letter head of a storekeeper in  
Wallingford, Ct., is comprehensive, and  
indicates a catholicity of occupation on  
his part. It runs thus: "Confection-  
ery, toys, ice cream, tobacco, cigars,  
pipes, news-room, stationery, blank  
notes, drafts, blank books, temperance  
drinks, bread, pies, fruits, tea, coffee,  
base-ball goods, fish hooks, etc. Agent  
Anchor line steamers. Drafts on Eu-

rope for sale."

**PRINCE IN DISGUISE.**

BY J. B. SALISBURY.



NE morning, as  
I was walking  
down a shady  
lane, whether  
by chance or  
otherwise, I  
met a tortoise.

He was waddling along in his aristocratic  
manner in my path, but when we came face to  
face he halted

and looked up into my face with a  
strange gesture and a queer blink,  
which plainly asked, "Why this intrusion?"

I was now satisfied that the  
meeting was not accidental on his  
part, and that this old-fashioned gen-  
tleman had designs upon me, whether  
malicious or otherwise I knew not; but  
I determined to give him the benefit  
of the doubt and not censure him un-  
til I had learned his motives. Think-  
ing to teach him my superiority, I  
turned him upon his back and watched  
with some satisfaction his efforts to re-  
gain his feet. These being quite in-  
effective, he thrust out his head, and  
with a knowing look upon his narrow  
face asked:

"Why, sir, do you take pleasure in  
torturing a tortoise? Simply because  
you have the power to do so?"

Hearing this I repented, and, asking  
his pardon, assisted him to his feet.  
Not thinking that I had unwittingly  
insulted a lord of an ancient realm. He  
was much pleased because I was gener-  
ous and thus addressed me.

"Your kindness of heart has not at all  
been burned away by the love of gain."  
I do not mean to say that the tor-  
toise addressed me in actual spoken  
language, but in those subtle—I might  
say occult—glances of the eye and  
the serious manner that impress ideas  
upon the elements that flow between  
men and animals and form a language,  
although unspoken.

"Doubtless," continued the tortoise,  
"you consider me one of the lowest  
order of animals, one not possessing  
intelligence; but in this you are at  
fault."

"Perhaps you do not believe in the  
transmigration of souls. By your man-  
ner I see that you do not. In this you  
expose your tendency to barbarism. Your  
education has been neglected, sir,  
and when I regain my personality I  
will establish missions in this heathen  
country and make an effort to lift the  
people out of lethargic ignorance."

"Hear my story. Centuries ago I was  
a prince of the blood, heir to an  
ancient throne, and not without re-  
nown. In fact, my accomplishments  
stood in the path of my preferment,  
my knowledge was too broad and deep for  
my age, and I was slain. My soul was  
driven, without my consent, into the  
heart of a lion, with the understanding  
that in case I could, in all the earth,  
find a king with an unblemished char-  
acter, I should be restored."

"The time given me was one year,  
and, as a matter of course, I failed.  
Accordingly, I was slain, and my  
soul driven into an animal that shall  
be nameless here, and I was sent in  
search of a man who loved his neigh-  
bor as himself. Failing in this, I was  
driven into a lower order of animal  
still, and sent in search of a beautiful  
woman who was not susceptible to flatter-  
y."

"It was while searching for a fair  
one who would not listen to the flat-  
tery of any masculine serpent that the  
following incident occurred: While  
searching yonder, among the least vain  
of all the women of earth, the daugh-  
ter of the mountains, I suddenly came  
upon an angel. Capturing her, I bore  
her to my tormentor, but he instantly  
cursed her to be immortal, and drove  
me at once into this tortoise. And here  
I am, searching for a man who has  
never harbored an impure thought, and  
I have to search until I find one. Such  
a one found, I am at liberty to return  
to my people in my own proper form."

I listened attentively until he had  
finished speaking, then, stepping out  
of the path, said:

"Pass on, my friend; you are doomed  
to roam throughout the earth forever.  
There are many who consider them-  
selves pure, but none are pure save  
such as have passed through the fire of  
purification, and these—dwell in Par-  
adise."

So saying, I bowed low to the Prince  
and passed by, leaving the tortoise to  
pursue a mythical being forever.

**Masculine Jewelry.**

The fashion of wearing jewelry  
among men is growing to higher points  
than it reached even in 1884. It was  
then, you know, the practice reached  
high-water mark. It attracted a good  
deal of attention at the time, as prior  
to that the jewelry of men had been notice-  
able mainly by reason of its absence.

The dukes, who suppressed watch-  
chains, scarf-pins and the like, al-  
lowed themselves full liberty in the  
matter of finger-rings, and from this  
the general run of clubmen took their  
cues. Many a fashionable man wore  
five or six rings on his fingers.

The great design then was the snake  
ring, and after that what was known  
as the glove ring. The latter consisted  
of a heavy band of gold, usually  
square in design, in which were set  
diamonds, with a ruby or sapphire on  
either side of it. The stones were set  
well down in the gold, and were per-  
fectly flush with the top, so that a  
man could pull a glove on over the  
ring without difficulty.

Perhaps the greatest success which  
was reached then was when the brace-  
let appeared as a masculine adorn-  
ment. The natural result of all this  
finery was that the smaller clerks and  
cheap Johns of the town followed the  
suit of their leaders, and the market  
was flooded with tawdry jewelry. After  
a time a good, healthy reaction set in,  
and men went back to the ring, which  
they always return to.

"What is that?"

"It is the old signet ring. I am  
more or less familiar with the history  
of jewels, and it has struck me often  
that this ring, which monarchs of 200  
years ago wore on the first finger of  
their right hands usually, is the only  
one which has a staple place in the af-  
fections of mankind. Not only do men

return to it after they have been led  
astray by gaudy diamonds and the  
like, but it is very often the case that  
the best dressed of those who are the  
most exquisite about their jewelry give  
up all sorts of precious stones when  
they become 45 or 50 years of age and  
settle down to the plain signet ring on  
the third finger of their left hand."

—*Jeweler's Gazette.*

**LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.**

BY FRED LUCCA SQUIERES.

FRIEND from  
Connecticut,  
who rejoiced in  
the suggestive  
cognomen of  
"Comfort," paid  
his devoirs to a  
charming and  
attractive young  
widow, residing  
out on Long  
Island. Ei hei  
her griefs were  
too new or her  
lover too old, or for some other equally  
good cause, she declined this flirt ring  
offer, whereupon a Quaker friend of  
ours remarked that it was the first  
modern instance he had known where  
Rachel had refused to be comforted.

"I think," said Thackeray once at a  
public dinner, "that I had rather have  
had a potato and a kindly word from  
Goldsmith than have been beholden to  
Dean Swift for a guinea and a dinner."

An eccentric old English nobleman,  
on engaging a new servant, always  
prefaced his questions with, "Can you  
whistle?"

On being asked the reason for this  
curious question, he said he always  
made him whistle when he went to  
draw the ale, until he returned, thus  
preventing him from tasting it.

The above goes nicely with the story  
told of old Lord Deale and his butler.  
On the butler's resigning his place  
because his lordship's wife was al-  
ways scolding him, he was answered  
with, "Good gracious, mon, ye've lit-  
tle to complain o'; ye may be thankfu'  
ye're no married to her!"

A young Boston scientist was ex-  
plaining to his grandmother the pro-  
cess of blowing and preserving a col-  
lection of birds' eggs.

"You see, grandamma, we perforate  
an aperture in the apex and a corre-  
sponding aperture in the base, and  
then by applying the egg fruit to the  
lips and forcibly exhaling the vital  
principle of the lungs, the shell is en-  
tirely discharged of its contents."

"Bless my soul," cried the old lady,  
"what wonderful improvements they  
do make! Now, in my younger days,  
we just made a hole in each end and  
blew it out."

**Lawrence Barrett's Grief.**

A prominent comedian tells the fol-  
lowing story on Lawrence Barrett, and  
adds that it is very evident the popular  
tragedian draws the line at being taken  
for a bill-board or a three-sheet poster.

The story goes that Mr. Barrett, in  
the flush of a successful career, concluded  
that it was always worth just double  
the ordinary price to hear him play  
"Julius Caesar," "Richard III.," or, in  
fact, any character in his repertory.

Some time ago, before the Booth and  
Barrett combine, while the latter was  
going it on his own hook, he found  
himself booked for New Britain, a  
small town in Connecticut, and, ac-  
cording to arrangement, double the  
regular price of admission was to be  
charged. On the night of the show a  
large crowd gathered in front of the  
theater to see who would be fools  
enough to pay \$1.50 to see an actor,  
and though there were so many out-  
side, the "fools" panned out pretty  
well also; for the house was half full,  
so that there was about the same  
amount of money received as there  
would have been had the price of ad-  
mission been the regular charge. This  
was exceedingly gratifying to the actor;  
he had adhered to his notion of his  
value as an artist and had lost no  
money, and this thought filled him  
with the keenest pleasure and made  
him a most self-satisfied individual.

During a wait he was sitting in his  
dressing-room ruminating on what a  
great man he was and complacently  
admiring himself, when a messenger  
came with word that the manager of  
the theater would like to speak to him.

In his present state of mind, the tra-  
gedian at once jumped to the conclu-  
sion that the manager was overjoyed  
at the success of the engagement and  
was coming to make terms with him  
for a return season. Not doubting for  
a moment this was the manager's de-  
sire, he ordered him to be admitted.

The manager came in, and, without  
heaping the congratulations, as the ac-  
tor fully expected, said: "Mr. Barrett,  
I should be much obliged to you if,  
during the performance, you would  
step to the footlights and announce for  
me that the next attraction at this  
house will begin on Monday night next,  
and will be 'The Rag Baby.'"

**Judge Fuller.**

Chief-Justice Fuller is something of  
a novelty on the Supreme Bench. He  
is nervous to a remarkable degree, and  
seems to find it impossible to sit still.  
His hands are constantly in motion at  
one thing or another. Often he takes  
a scrap of paper and folds and refolds  
it into a thousand shapes; or he turns  
over the pages of a book without look-  
ing at them. But, as a usual thing, he  
is pulling his mustache like a nervous  
graduate on commencement day. Vis-  
itors to the Supreme Court, who think  
the judges are extraordinary beings,  
look at the Chief-Justice in surprise,  
not knowing that he is a man of won-  
derful learning and ability. One of  
them made a social call on him, and  
was shocked to find him reading a  
novel. He could not refrain from ex-  
pressing his surprise. "I refresh my  
mind with novels," said the Chief-Just-  
ice, with a smile. "But the case of  
so-and-so," said the visitor. "I thought  
you would be studying that." "It is  
already decided," replied the Chief-  
Justice. "That was my dinner; this,"  
tapping the novel, "—dessert."

A PECULIAR TEST.

BY FRANC L. STONE.



HAT have we here—  
an orphan asylum or  
free lunch?" exclaim-  
ed the business man-  
ager of a Chicago  
newspaper as he en-  
tered the office and  
beheld a motley  
group of boys of  
various sizes, appear-  
ance, and deport-  
ment.

"We advertised for  
a boy last night, you  
remember; this is  
the reply," respond-  
ed one of his staff of assistants, with a  
comprehensive wave of the hand to-  
ward the numerous collection.

"Oh, that's it! Well, boys," he con-  
tinued, addressing the youngsters, "I  
suppose you all want the position."

"Yes, sir," they chorused.

"Well, I can't give it to all of you.  
I think I shall have to apply a test,"  
said the wily manager, with a twinkle  
of the eye. "Follow me."

He led the way to a back office,  
which was vacant at that hour, fol-  
lowed by the band of youthful as-  
pirants, who crowded about him eagerly  
as he closed the door upon their  
conference.

"How many of you can say 'I saw a  
tall, slim, slick sapling' three times  
without stopping or making a mis-  
take?" asked the manager.

The boys tried once around without  
a single success, whereupon they were  
told to remain where they were and  
practice awhile, when they would be  
accorded another trial.

No sooner had the man quit the  
apartment than the boys chorused the  
words together, producing a comical  
jingle-jangle, and a hearty peal of  
laughter followed.

After a quarter of an hour spent in  
this way the novelty of the situation  
was worn off, and the divers expres-  
sions that framed the applicants' faces  
presented a varied study for an artist  
or character reader. Curiosity, be-  
wilderment, disgust, chagrin, were  
painted there, and when the big clock  
had slipped by another quarter of an  
hour, the first overt demonstration of  
the general dissatisfaction was evi-  
denced by a boy sidling to the door  
and shooting out.

When the business manager returned  
to the room, an hour after leaving it  
full almost to overflow of ambitious  
humanity, but one aspirant remained.

"I saw a tall, slim, slick sapling,"  
the boy was saying in concise, clear,  
rapid tones, over and over again, with-  
out the slightest hesitancy; and it is  
needless to add that he was engaged on  
the spot.

Ridiculous as the test may casually  
appear, the man, whose large expe-  
rience from dealing with the general  
public daily gave him quick insight  
into human character, had satisfied  
himself that the boy possessed three  
qualities indispensable to a good em-  
ployee—determination, perseverance,  
and self-reliance. The youth had evi-  
denced them all by accomplishing per-  
fectly what was given him to do, not-  
withstanding its seeming foolishness  
and the fact that it had been accepted  
as a hoax by two-thirds of the fifty boys  
who had, one by one, left him sole mas-  
ter of the situation.—*Chicago Ledger.*

**"Running" the Flebes at Annapolis.**

Scene—A room in the hotel. Half a  
dozen candidates discovered, busy over  
their books. A loud knock on the door  
is heard. Enter two very small cadets,  
in blue uniforms bright with brass bu-  
tons. Candidates all rise and anxiously  
await developments. One of the cadets  
says, loftily: "Good afternoon, young  
gentlemen."

Candidates reply in chorus—Good  
afternoon.

Small Cadet (sternly to Marryat)—  
What's your name?

Marryat (nervously)—Brown.

Small Cadet (severely)—Brown  
what?

Marryat (at a guess)—Marryat  
Brown.

Small Cadet (scowling)—Marryat  
Brown what?

One of the candidates has evidently  
been a party to some previous inter-  
view, for he whispers something to  
Marryat, who replies with more confi-  
dence—Brown, sir.

Small Cadet—Ah!—that's much  
better. And how do you spell it, Mr.  
Brown?